

A Tale of Two Fists

THE LIFE STORY OF JACK DEMPSEY

BY DAMON RUNYON

HE MEETS "MR. BONDS."

It was now that Jack Dempsey first began paying for the privilege of riding on railroad trains. It went against his grain to some extent, and he avoided it as much as possible for a couple of years thereafter, but the people who were promoting the fight at Ely, Nevada, and who had offered him \$200 for his services, also sent him money to pay his fare to Ely.

Jack had some thought of saving this money by the simple process of tucking it in his jeans and traveling in his old way, but then he decided that it might shock the promoters to see a \$200 fighter come into town "on the lammer." So he bought a regular ticket and rode "on the cushions." He felt almost embarrassed over the situation.

On route to Ely, Jack had to change cars at a place called Coburn, Nevada, where a number of passengers from another train just in from the west coast, also got aboard the same varnished caravan on which Dempsey was riding to the scene of his engagement. There was a long wait at Coburn, and Jack took advantage of the delay to descend upon a nearby eating house and equip himself with a lot of big fat sandwiches.

When he got aboard his train again, and took his seat he discovered he had company in the form of a large gent who had evidently changed from the coast train. There was no mistaking the identity of this gent, because on every piece of luggage that he piled up in the aisle, and on the rack overhead, was the name, "Joe Bonds."

The name meant nothing much to Dempsey at the moment, though it undoubtedly means something to even the most casual follower of the old pastime of fist fighting. The name of this particular era. And it meant a chunk to the owner of it.

Jack sat munching his sandwiches and eyeing the large gent, while the large gent eyed Jack's sandwiches. There was something disturbingly omnivorous in his gaze, and our hero shuffled his feet uneasily.

"I wonder where a man could get something to eat around here," soliloquized the large gent.

"Why, I guess there isn't much of any place," said Jack. "Would you have a sandwich?"

"Would I?" remarked the large gent, reaching "I should say I would. I'm about starved."

"I'm Mr. Bonds," he said between bites on Jack's sandwiches. "Mr. Bonds. I'm just back from Australia, and I'm going up here into the sticks to fight some sucker by the name of Dempsey."

A light broke over our hero. It came to him, suddenly, that he also was to fight some fellow, and that the fellow's name was Bonds—Joe Bonds. He contemplated "Mr. Bonds" with new interest.

"Yes," continued Mr. Bonds, "I'm making a quick trip up here to fight this sucker and then get to hurry back to the coast and meet my manager, Mr. Jack Kearns."

Mark now how the long arm of coincidence reached out across Dempsey's path. Jack Kearns, who took Bonds to Australia a few years ago along with a number of other fighters, is the same Jack Kearns who now manages Dempsey.

Bonds was a northwestern heavy-weight who at one time was regarded as holding considerable promise. He was, and still is, something of an all-around athlete. He enlisted in the navy during the war, and within the past year appeared in a number of exhibition bouts around New York.

When Tom Thorp, the old Columbia player and coach and football expert of the "Evening Journal," organized the men of the training ship Granite State into a football team last fall he had Bonds playing guard, and Joe was a good guard, too.

Dempsey did not tell Bonds he was the "sucker" Joe was going up into

"the sticks" to fight. He kept very quiet and let Joseph ramble. And Joseph rambled to considerable extent, as I gather from Jack.

When the train reached Ely, however, Dempsey ducked away from Bonds. He did not want any one to see them getting off together, for fear they might be suspected of collusion. He hurried up to the saloon conducted by one Tommy Chambers, who was promoting the contest, and was standing at the bar when it came "Mr. Bonds."

"Mr. Bonds," said Tommy Chambers, "have you met your opponent, Mr. Dempsey, yet?"

"Mr. Bonds" stared and blinked his eyes. Perhaps he recalled what he had said about going to fight a "sucker." But Dempsey merely grinned as they shook hands, and made no reference to their late companionship.

Mark once more how coincidence trails the track of Dempsey. At that time the Northern hotel was the best hotel in Ely. It was too expensive to be considered by Jack as a tarrying point. The Northern was owned by Tex Rickard, who is paying Jack \$27,500 as his share of the 12-round contest on July 4.

Dempsey trained for the fight with Bonds in the back room of Chambers' saloon. The affair was a 10-rounder, and was at first attracting some little attention. It might have drawn a big crowd if it hadn't been for Mr. Bonds.

"He went all around town saying it was a dirty shame to put a fellow like me in the ring with him," says Jack. "People got the impression that he was going to murder me, and as a result the attendance wasn't what it should have been."

"I was pretty sore at him, and I went in to give him a good pasting. I knocked him down four or five times and roughed him around, and did my best to knock him out, but couldn't do it. All he did was hold out for during the fight, and he tore out of town the next day pretty well marked up."

"How-haw!" interjects Manager Jack Kearns. "I remember well when he came back to San Francisco with a big black eye. I gathered from his story that he had met with some sort of an accident."

"Well," Dempsey continues, "I stuck around Ely for several days after that fight, because I had \$200 in my kick, and everybody was telling me how good I was. They talked of sending me to get somebody else to fight me, but they didn't do it, so I went back to Salt Lake. Yes, I paid my way back. I was getting used to riding on those cushions."

"When I got home, a promoter wanted me to go to Ogden to fight Terry Kellar, a local boy. They offered me \$200, and ordinarily I would have taken it, but I was getting cute, and I looked Kellar up and found he was pretty tough. So I raised my price to \$300. They offered me \$250, and then I raised my price to \$350. They finally agreed to that price, and I went to Ogden."

"I asked them for my money before I got in the ring, but they didn't have it on hand. So I says: 'Well, give me something with your name on it. You see, I'd heard about checks, but I didn't exactly know what they were. I thought any slip of paper with a person's name on it would be O. K.'"

"So they gave me a note of some kind, and it was perfectly good, at that. Then I boxed Kellar 10 rounds. He knocked me over in the fourth or fifth, but I got up and went on, all right, and at the finish, Tom Palmer, who was refereeing, gave me the decision."

"Afterward I boxed Kellar 10 rounds at Ely, and got another decision over him and \$225. He was better than the first time I met him. Quite a bit later in my career I stopped him in five rounds at Dayton, O. Only a few weeks ago I went out to Detroit and boxed an exhibition with him, so you can see Terry and I are pretty well acquainted."

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The Ohio Pivot

BY W. H. GOCHER.

In states where there is an active interest in light harness racing, there is usually one county from which all of the others get the most of their racing material and in a measure a pivot around which all of them revolve.

This first became apparent in New York, where Orange county has been a leader for over a century. Practically all of the great horses that have appeared in the Empire state since the days of imported "Messengers" either trace to, or were at some time in their careers located there and were seen on the "historic track" at Goshen.

Fayette, with Lexington in its center, is the leader in Kentucky. Maury in Tennessee, Kennebec in Maine, Addison in Vermont, Branch in Maryland, and Clark in Ohio. The latter also reached its apogee last October at Lexington when Binland and Royal Mac, two of its products, finished heads apart in the Transylvania.

The foundation of light harness racing in Clark county was laid when the New Englanders introduced the Morgan, the best of all light breeds, there being Jackson's Flying Cloud. John Monahan had him during the last five years of his life at Springfield and a crust of blood appears in the pedigrees of Binland and Royal Mac. Monahan also introduced another winner, the Transylvania winner's inheritance when he brought the Mambrino Patchen stallion Hallstom from Lexington. This horse was a brother to Rothschild, one of the first colts trotters in the blue grass country, and while he did not get many performers his name appears in the turf records as the sire of Jenny Wren as well as the sire of the dam of the Village Farm double-dotted performer Wardwell.

Clark's Mohawk, Jr., a grandson of Long Island Black Hawk, was another

pioneer sire in Clark county. He was followed by Redwood, whose dam produced Lou Dillon, 1:55½, Atlantic King, Nutwood Wilkes, Royal McKinney, and Binjolla, all of which have been presented by performers in the fastest company, the leaders being Frank Bonash, John A. McKerron, Wilkes Brewster, and the pair which met in the Transylvania.

Monahan, Clark and Snyder were for years the leading racing names in Clark county, while recently that of Wilbur J. Myers has been added to the group, it having been made conspicuous by the performances of Patric M., 2:05½; Louis Winter, 2:10½; Will Bing, 2:12½; and Nellie the Great, 2:15½. This year he will also be out with Golden Spier, 2:09½, a sister to Joan, 2:04½, that is now a member of Geers' stable, while Harry Stokes is busy with his recent purchase, Brescia, 2:08½; Ramco, 2:12½, the three-year-old trotter, The Bengal, by Morgan Axworthy, and several youngsters by Peter the Great and Orlean Axworthy.

Looking over the list of managers of the various International league clubs one finds that a majority of the team leaders in the 1914 league of the East were at one time or another identified with New York teams. Arthur Irwin, boss of the Rochester club, was at one time manager of the Giants and later he was a Yankee scout for many years. Bill Donovan, manager of the Jersey City club, was leader of the Yankees for three years. Charley Doun, of Reading, and George Gibson, of Toronto, were backstopping for the Giants within the past few seasons. George Wilkie, who heads the Buffalo club, was with the Giants for many seasons, and Jack Dunn, leader of the Baltimore Orioles, is another old-time Giant. Pat Donovan, of Newark, and Frank Schulte, of Binghamton, are the only International league managers who have not been connected with one of the New York major league clubs in the past.

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Jean Chassagne, who holds the world's hour record for driving an automobile, will be making his second bow in America when he lines up to get his bit of the \$50,000 prize in the 500-mile Liberty Sweepstakes, in the Indianapolis Speedway's race on May 31.

He made his first appearance with a Sunbeam in the 1914 race at Indianapolis but an accident put him out of the 500-mile dash after he had reeled 60 miles. He is a Frenchman, and his name is well known in the French army after serving at the English Sunbeam plant as its representative in the purchase of aviation engines during the war. He will handle one of the new Sunbeams that Louis Costelan built to gain for England the coveted honor of an Indianapolis victory.

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TRAIN KILLS TWO WHEN IT STRIKES AUTOMOBILE

PINE BLUFF, Ark., May 22.—An automobile containing three persons was hit by northbound Missouri Pacific train No. 106 at a crossing just east of the city Thursday afternoon at 5:30, and two are dead, with the third dying. The dead are: Alcee May Slaughter, aged 11 years; Laurence Jones, aged 19 years.

COVINGTON SHIPS LAST CAR OF STRAWBERRIES

COVINGTON, Tenn., May 22. (Sp.)—The last full carload of strawberries of the season was shipped from Covington yesterday, making a total of 10 cars shipped from here during the season. It is estimated that the crop was injured to the amount of 60 per cent by the rains and cold weather which prevailed during the greater part of the picking season. There will be a few more smaller shipments before the season is over.

AUTO THIEF RECEIVES SENTENCE TO PRISON

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., May 22.—Rod Wilson, member of an alleged gang of automobile thieves which has operated extensively here and in surrounding states and stolen numerous cars, was convicted in criminal court Thursday and sentenced to the penitentiary for an indeterminate term.

TEACHERS ELECTED.

HUNTSVILLE, Ala., May 22. (Sp.)—The city board of education has elected a full faculty of teachers for all the public schools of the city and has ordered material increases in salaries.

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Read News Scimitar Wants.

There may be quite a goodly number of better bitters than Jim Shaw in the American league but he had it on them all for a flying start. Three of his first four hits were home runs. He slammed all of them into the left field bleachers at Philadelphia. We haven't heard of any debut that beats this.